



1943-11-16

The Teacola | Vol 9, Issue 3

Jacksonville State University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.jsu.edu/lib_ac_chanty

Recommended Citation

Jacksonville State University, "The Teacola | Vol 9, Issue 3" (1943). *Chanticleer*. 148.
https://digitalcommons.jsu.edu/lib_ac_chanty/148

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Historical Newspapers at JSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Chanticleer by an authorized administrator of JSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@jsu.edu.

The Teacola

A STUDENT PUBLICATION, JACKSONVILLE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

VOLUME NINE

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1943

NUMBER THREE



Br'r! It's breezy around here these days. Heavy coats, bandanas, and ruddy faces appear about us as these knowledge-seeking youngsters hurry to and fro.

Our attention was called to the fact that, despite the rain, a large number of the college students attended the last Town Meeting for Peace. Lt. Governor Ellis, the speaker of the evening, gave an enlightening talk on plans for maintaining peace after victory.

We haven't seen it yet, but we were very glad to hear about the piano which the Apartment Dormitory has recently acquired. Now the girls "shall have music wherever they go."

And speaking of music reminds us of the tea dances, which, to the joy of many, have finally come into existence. From around 6:45 until 8:00 on Tuesday and Thursday evenings the girls and boys dance, and each, on returning to his or her place of abode, really studies. Yes, when we play we really do play, and, on the other hand, when we study, we really study, don't we, girls and boys?

The eleventh day of November signified the signing of an Armistice several years ago, but we are now looking forward to another day. We might help to hasten the coming of that day by giving up some of our daily luxuries and being content with more simple and less expensive forms of recreation and be glad that we can still laugh and play and work in surroundings devoid of oppression.

Where HAVE those lively Morgans and never-to-be-defeated Calhouns disappeared to? Could it be that it's another case of "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat?"

Three Students Selected To Appear In Who's Who

WEAVER, RIDDLE, AND DURAN WILL BE LISTED IN EDITION

The names and the condensed biographies of Frances Weaver, Wynelle Riddle, and Mabel Duran are to appear in the 1943-44 editions of Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges, as representatives of Jacksonville State Teachers College.

Who's Who is an annual publication that has as its purpose the recognition of outstanding students who are due the honor. The book brings these people before the eyes of the public.

Students listed are those impartially by their respective colleges. They are selected because of their outstanding merits scholastically, socially, and because of their participation in campus activities.

The three chosen this year are representatives of whom the school may well be proud. They are honor students, and are well liked by their fellow students and their professors.

Frances Weaver, senior from Jacksonville, is a graduate of the Jacksonville High School, where she made an excellent record. She is this year's president of the student body, and during the past year served as treasurer. As a member of the various classes she has held several offices. Frances is as active in the work of the Jacksonville Methodist Church as she is in the school, and for two years held the office of president of the youth organization there.

Wynelle Riddle, senior from Ashland, finished Ashland High School as valedictorian of her class. She was one of the girls who appeared on the first all-woman debating team for either literary society, and has held offices in the Morgan Literary Society. Wynelle has been on The Teacola staff since the time of her entrance at J. S. T. C., is now a feature editor, and has been

Dr. H. C. Pannell Talks To Faculty

Dr. H. C. Pannell, superintendent of the Tuscaloosa City Schools, spoke to the college faculty recently on the subject "The Objectives of the Teachers College."

Dr. Pannell, an alumnus of this college, has had wide experience in the field of education. He has served as high school principal, as city superintendent, and as a member of the University of Alabama faculty.

In his discussion of his subject, Dr. Pannell stated that the program of the liberal arts college and of a teacher-training institution is based on the society each must serve. If it is a democratic society, it wants to encourage the people to think for themselves; if totalitarian,

NOTICE

The Winter Quarter here will begin December 6. Registration for classes will also be on that day.

Plans have been made so that students entering college for the first time may enter on the same basis as those who entered in the Fall. An entire new section of beginning freshmen courses has been organized.

Thanksgiving holidays will begin after the completion of all classes Wednesday, November 25. Classes will be resumed on the following Monday, November 29. Happy holiday!!

the opposite is true. The program must begin with the prevailing society. The teachers college has a great deal to live for—in the South the natural and human resources need to be built up after the war.

Dr. Pannell mentioned as a first objective the need of developing in students an understanding of

Nota Jones Elected Student Vice-President

By means of a special election held Friday, November 12, Nota Jones, of Berry, was elected vice-president of the Student Government Association of Jacksonville State Teachers College.

The election culminated weeks of furious campaigning on the part of the candidates, Nota Jones and Mabel Duran, of Guntersville, and the respective campaign managers. During the past two weeks the four spoke in assembly many times.

The place of vice-president was left vacant when Edna Frances Patrick, now Mrs. Whited, left the campus to join her husband, who is stationed in Florida. Edna Frances was elected last Spring with the other officers.

Vice-president Jones will complete her work here next August. She is well known and well liked by every student on the campus. As well as being an honor student, Nota is active in the social and religious work of the campus and of the town.

In addition to the regular duties of her office as vice-president of the student body, Nota will serve as chairman of the social committee.

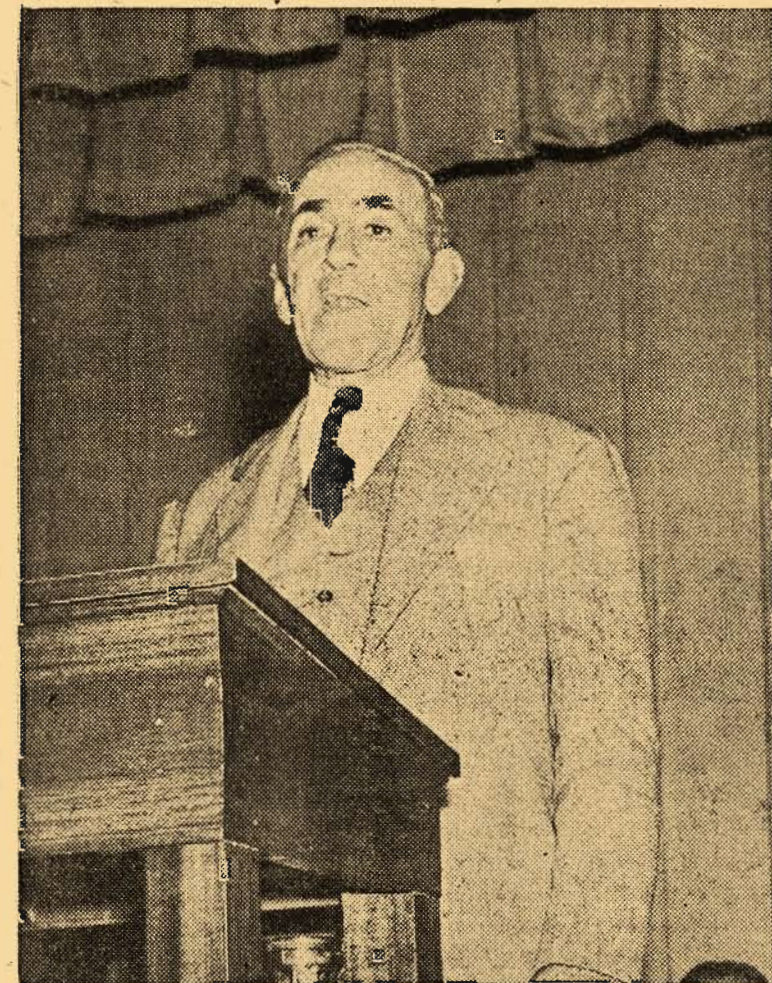
Religious Emphasis Week Observed Here

Dr. Melton Clark, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Aniston, spoke to the student body here during the last week of October in the observance of Religious Emphasis Week.

The program opened with the singing of "Day is Dying in the West", after which Mr. McCluer introduced Dr. Clark.

The speaker took his text for the evening from the Book of Numbers.

Ellis Addresses Large Group At Town Meeting For Peace



Lieutenant-Governor Handy Ellis

Urges Unselfish Peace Settlement

Lieutenant-Governor Speaks Of International Government To Prevent Future Wars

A Town Meeting for Peace was held November 2 at the Jacksonville Recreation Center. Handy Ellis, lieutenant-governor of the state of Alabama, was the forum speaker.

Before the regular session began, the audience was led in "The Star Meeting Committee, introduced songs by Miss Ada Curtiss. Dr. C. E. Cayley, chairman of the Town Meeting Committee, introduced President Houston Cole, who in turn introduced the speaker.

The topic of Governor Ellis' address was "International Government to Prevent Wars and Preserve Peace after the War." The speaker first brought forth the point that after the last war no provision was made to prevent more wars, and eventually we were again in war. It is to be hoped that plans will be made now, worthwhile plans, that will prevent another such catastrophe. When the last war was over, we were confronted with three alternatives: eternal armament, isolation and appeasement (which we followed), or a strong international government. After the people of this country saw their men return the last time, sadly battered by war, they were ready for peace on any terms; therefore they rejected Wilson's plan because they wanted no more part in war. From that time on we were held back by the isolationists, and even though there had been warnings from many, the United States came to this war totally unprepared.

"When this war is over we will be confronted with the same three

Sixth District A E A Meet

The sixth district A. E. A. met at Jacksonville State Teachers College October 29 and 30. The preliminary meeting for supervisors and officers of local teachers

New Addition To Gymnasium

To meet the demand that an increased student body has placed, on the Jacksonville school system, class rooms are being added to the Physical Education Building. The new addition will be completed

ing content with more simple and less expensive forms of recreation and be glad that we can still laugh and play and work in surroundings devoid of oppression.

Where HAVE those lively Morgans and never-to-be-defeated Calhouns disappeared to? Could it be that it's another case of "The Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat?"

There comes a time when everybody really starts "talking turkey", and speaking of turkey reminds us that Thanksgiving has crept upon us once again. As in previous years, may we remind you that when your mind turns to thoughts of home, plan to travel as lightly as possible.

Plans are already under way for the Christmas Pageant which is to be presented again this year. It is to be sponsored by the art club under the directions of the art teacher. Having seen those presented before, we are expecting something really worth while.

The girls at the Apartment Dormitory are to be commended on their ability to find recreation for themselves. Rather unique is their idea, too. We have all been envying them the 'possum hunt on which Mr. Shelton took them a few weeks ago.

We are hoping that the drive put into effect during National Education Week to urge parents and citizens to visit the schools won't die now that that week is over. If there is one thing greatly needed by the schools, it is the understanding and close cooperation of the people. Public schools are facing the greatest problem ever just at the time that their work is the most needed.

Thanksgiving won't be this year what it has been, not even what it was last year, perhaps. Still, there are millions of things that we can be thankful for, and we aren't being just Pollyannaish about it either. Stop and think, and see if you don't agree.

We heard a little story the other day that would be amusing to all those that are not Sinatra fans. It hurts to tell this, because it just so happens that we are one of those things, but here goes. A man working in a war plant almost ruined the radios by cutting the wires, and when questioned he replied that he couldn't work with that going on. It seems that the main crooner he heard was the one and only—"Frankie." Will that stop those who rise and shout at his every word? We doubt it.

Wynelle Riddle, senior from Ashland, finished Ashland High School as valedictorian of her class. She was one of the girls who appeared on the first all-woman debating team for either literary society, and has held offices in the Morgan Literary Society. Wynelle has been on The Teacola staff since the time of her entrance at J. S. T. C., is now a feature editor, and has been assistant editor.

Mabel Duran, senior from Gunterville, has held the position of secretary to Dean C. R. Wood since her freshman year. This year Mabel is president of the Baptist Student Union on the campus, and has filled other offices in the organization. Last year she used her secretarial ability as secretary of the Jacksonville Student Government Association.

Corporal Brown Visits Art Class

Quite a rare treat was afforded the Art 231 class on October 20, when Corporal Darell Brown, a graduate of the Art Academy of Columbia University, gave an impromptu talk to the members of the class.

Corporal Brown is from Des Moines, Iowa, and is at present stationed at Fort McClellan.

He received a fine background for art during his early childhood, and as he progressed through school his talent was encouraged so that by the time he entered Columbia Academy of Art he was quite ready for his studies there.

In bringing forth the qualifications for an artist Corporal Brown first stated that an artist must have a good background, a lot of spirit, and much courage to paint. He feels that one should paint only things that appeal to him because it is only through those things that the real person is reflected. He elaborated on this by saying that enthusiasm over something will make the representation of it good, and that things painted spontaneously are usually the best. The experience gained through mistakes is quite worthwhile.

Working and sketching from a live model, or anything that is alive, is wonderful practice, believes Corporal Brown.

In closing his talk the speaker recommended a short change, if only a walk around the block, to improve the work of art as well as the mind of the artist.

Invasion Is Costly fighting

Your Boy Gives 100 per cent; How about your bond buying?



young organization there. **Y. M. C. A. members, November 29. Happy holiday!!**

the opposite is true. The program must begin with the prevailing society. The teachers college has a great deal to live for—in the South the natural and human resources need to be built up after the war.

Dr. Pannell mentioned as a first objective the need of developing in students an understanding of children. This would mean an understanding from the biological standpoint related to psychology, as well as from courses in methods. He also sees the need of clinical experience with one who knows and understands the needs of children.

Dr. Pannell brought forth the importance of the study of foreign languages and the necessity for emphasizing international-mindedness. Creative and fine arts, sciences, history, social studies, and others should be included in the study of students, and the functional view should be stressed. Overdue reforms should be made, the basic skills should be taught, with not much emphasis along departmental lines. Finally there should be a bringing together of the points of view, understanding the child and curriculum requirements.

French Students Hear Faust

The members of the French classes and several of the faculty members attended the opera "Faust" when it was brought to Birmingham October 28.

It is a French opera, and those students who saw it were French students, but this is the way that we apparently heard and appreciated it:

"I knew the story very well," said one, "and I really enjoyed it even though I understood about three or four words." Another remarked that he enjoyed the singing most of all.

The girls all thought that Faust wasn't bad himself, was, in fact, rather good looking, and a few of the sweet young things thought Mephistopheles (a devil if we've ever seen one) just downright handsome. Said one, "I was disappointed in Siebel because he was a girl instead of a boy."

About the most emphatic remark, however, was made by a certain young gentleman who declared that he could have cheerfully wrung the necks of the three girls who sat in front of him and giggled.

Heard on the bus coming back were the following choice bits:

"The acting was really very good, because I followed the whole thing pretty well although I've had only one year of French."

"I was disappointed in the ballet dancers; I could have done better myself." (Who would like to see the performance?) Mephistopheles stole the whole show." (He

Dr. Melton Clark, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Aniston, spoke to the student body here during the last week of October in the observance of Religious Emphasis Week.

The program opened with the singing of "Day is Dying in the West", after which Mr. McCluer introduced Dr. Clark.

The speaker took his text for the evening from the Book of Numbers, and used as his theme the phrase "Traveling the King's Highway," which is found in that book. Dr. Clark drew a verbal picture of all Christians traveling the King's Highway and finding that religion must be in all parts of their lives and relations to others and not in segregated divisions. All though life, as a Christian, one must remember that one is in the King's way as the King's child and following his steps.

"The first thing that I find to follow the Highway in is courtesy, one of the cheapest things in the world, but whose return is a thousandfold," said Dr. Clark. "We should respect the rights of others, although it's not always an easy thing to do."

To follow in the highway we also need people who are able to conciliate, exclaimed the speaker. We have a great problem now, but that is only the beginning of our troubles. After the war is won the real struggle will begin, and then we will need the ones who can make friends of our enemies.

In conclusion Dr. Clark asked Dr. Arnold, pastor of the Baptist Church, Jacksonville, to lead in prayer.

On November 1 the Reverend Mr. Charles Bell, who has spoken on previous occasions, concluded Religious Emphasis Week with an inspiring message to the general assembly. The topic on which he based his talk was one suited to the times "Christianity and the Crisis". His message was preceded by a Bible reading given by Lillith Moore, after which the Lord's Prayer was repeated by the assembly. Following this, Stella Mae Glenn sang "My Task," accompanied at the piano by Miss Curtiss. The program was concluded with a song "Oh Worship the King" by the assembly.

would, the wicked so-and-so.) "He was just the best looking thing." (Get thee behind me Satan.)

"I was really surprised that I enjoyed it so much when I can't really speak French."

"Well, the seats got pretty hard, but it was worth it."

"I wish that we could see more things like that. And maybe we will be able to do just that if our friends continue to be as cooperative as they have been in the past."

All those students who went extend their thanks to Dr. Jones for making arrangements and to the others who made the trip possible.

Sixth District A E A Meet

The sixth district A. E. A. met at Jacksonville State Teachers College October 29 and 30. The preliminary meeting for supervisors and officers of local teachers associations was held on the evening of October 29. The guests were entertained overnight at Daugette Hall.

The main session opened the following morning at 9:45 with E. E. Cox, Superintendent of the Gunterville City Schools and President of the sixth district A. E. A., presiding. The session featured addresses by State President H. E. Greer and State Superintendent of Education E. B. Norton. Immediately following the speaking a tea was given for all the members of the district. A panel discussion of professional relations was held with President Houston Cole, of J. S. T. C., as chairman.

At noon a luncheon was served at Daugette Hall and it was here that the final business session was held, reports were made by the various committee chairmen, and that election of officers was held.

Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty members attended the meeting.

Former Students At Columbia

Visiting the campus of J. S. T. C. last month were three sailors who were recently graduated from this college. They were Clay Brittain, Bill Gissom, and Waymon Strother. For the past four months, since the time they were called with the Naval Reserve V-7 Unit, the three have been studying at Mercer University in Macon, Ga.

The boys were here on leave given them between semesters before they were to leave for Columbia University. Out of their class at Mercer, eight were selected for immediate training at the Midshipman's School, and the Jacksonville boys were of the eight chosen.

While on the campus here each was an outstanding student both in campus activities and in scholastic attainment. Clay Brittain, Alexandria, served as the first president of the Jacksonville Student Government Association, as editor of The Teacola, president of the Y. M. C. A., and Calhoun debater. Bill Gissom, Red Bay, was vice-president of the sophomore and junior classes, of the Wesley Foundation, and editor of The Teacola. Waymon Strother, Dawson, was president of the Y. M. C. A. and active in the Calhoun Literary Society. All three were honor students.

Reports from the boys since they have reached Columbia show that

New Addition To Gymnasium

To meet the demand that an increased student body has placed, on the Jacksonville school system, class rooms are being added to the Physical Education Building. The rooms are being added to that building since war conditions make it impossible to construct an entirely new structure.

The space that the four classrooms will occupy was originally planned to house an indoor swimming pool after the war; however, the rooms came of greater demand than the prospective swimming pool.

Education Week Celebrated Here

Thursday morning, November 11, Reverend Mr. Charles R. Bell, Jr., of the Parker Memorial Baptist Church, Aniston, spoke to the assembled body of J. S. T. C. students on the subject "A Layman's View of Education."

Mr. Bell opened his talk with the statement that the world is divided into two groups of people, namely, the educated and the uneducated. The educated are those who have attended college, although they may not have received a degree. He pointed out that a person is not educated because he has been privileged to receive a degree. As an instance to prove his statement he called to mind the life of Abraham Lincoln, an educated man with no formal education. Mr. Bell went further to say that no one is educated by staying in a building for four years.

The speaker defined education as a process by which one's total capacities are lifted to their highest realities and potentialities. There are three main points to education, said the speaker. "Personality, discipline, and enlargement of the mind." The great secret that so few people discover is to move from one level to another and thus become educated.

In conclusion, Mr. Bell stated he believed the educated man should be able to solve man's perplexities better than the uneducated one, and that this task did not demand formal education in place of living education.

President Houston Cole, Mr. Guy Rutledge, Dr. C. E. Cayley, Mr. Lance Hendrix, Mr. C. T. Harper, Mr. R. K. Coffee, and Dr. F. M. Lawrence attended the meeting of the Fifth District Exchange Club in Atlanta Tuesday evening, November 9.

they like their new place of study, and those who know them are certain that they will be as outstanding there as they were here.

they were ready for peace on any terms; therefore they rejected Wilson's plan because they wanted no more part in war. From that time on we were held back by the isolationists, and even though there had been warnings from many, the United States came to this war totally unprepared.

"When this war is over we will be confronted with the same three alternatives. We could preserve peace for a while with armaments, but with that kind of peace incidents would eventually arise to bring on a war. It seems impossible that a civilized world could turn to armament. We have, by experience, learned the futility of isolation and appeasement. There is only one wise solution of our problems to prevent more wars," said the speaker. "The answer to the question," explained Governor Ellis, "is an over-all body, but in having that body we would have to relinquish some of our sovereignty; however, there is no reason why we shouldn't surrender some of our sovereignty, as other nations must for the good of all."

Governor Ellis's belief is that the one way to bring order in the world is by the formation of a federation strong enough to preserve peace. All the nations would be represented and would see to the peace. The federation would have a law making body, courts to construe the laws, and a military body to enforce them.

"If the people of this world will lay aside selfishness and rightly settle the peace; if we have vision and courage, as we go down the years, we," said the speaker in conclusion, "can look back on this garish era, enjoying the peace and tranquility to which man is entitled."

The speech was followed by a discussion period, during which members of the audience asked Governor Ellis to clear up certain points and answer questions.

HIGH SCHOOL HOLDS HALLOWE'EN CARNIVAL

A time of much gaiety and fun in the lives of the students and townspeople was the evening of October 29, when the Senior II class of the high school sponsored a Halloween Carnival at Kilby Hall. The auditorium was beautifully decorated in multi-colored leaves and black and yellow paper.

There were numerous booths, all cleverly decorated and equipped. The junior and senior high schools cooperated in preparing the booths. Prizes were awarded for the most attractive and interesting booths. The first prize was won by Mrs. Self's class, which sponsored the booth, "The Wild Man from Borneo". The Human Hand Organ, presented by Mrs. Arnold's class, won second prize. The P. T. A. was in charge of the booth which won third prize. Pies and cakes were sold in this booth.

(Continued On Back Page)

THE TEACOLA

Published monthly by the Student Body of the State Teachers College, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1943, at the Post Office at Jacksonville, Ala., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rate, 25 cents Per Year

Editor Charlotte Mock
Associate Editor Sara Nell Stockdale
Society Editor Marion Coffee
Sports Editor John Deason
Feature Editor Wynelle Riddle
Feature Writers Laura Burns, Braxton Tatum,
Euclid Rains, Katherine Killebrew, Jimmy Hinton
Editorial Writers Katherine Barker, Mary McWhorter
Staff Artist Jeffie Pearl Landers
Reporters Virginia Smith, Edna Bailey,
Gwendolyn Anders, Edna Moore, Gladys Hand
Circulation Managers Elsie Wilson and Katherine Knight
Typist Billy Monahan

ONLY ONE ARMISTICE DAY

November 11, 1918—the bells are ringing today! The towns have gone mad! People run up and down the streets, grabbing and kissing each other, yet in the center of this hilarity there is a spirit of thanksgiving. When sober thought comes, all drop to their knees with the half-sighed words "Peace, thank God."

And now the joyful return. Crowds throng the streets of New York, men with waving flags to see our heroes return; men like Sergeant York; men without medals, but heroes none the less. The thought was strong in every heart and mind "Never again will we send our boys over. Never again."

The years roll by. Wrapped in complacency, hugging tightly our belief in isolation and clinging stubbornly to that "Never again", we passed up the chance to make those words come true. That, however, is neither here nor there now. Those who made the decision did what they believed was best, and no one can tell what the outcome would have been if other advice had been followed. Now, in asking the way out of a dilemma, we futilely cry, "If only we had—" as an excuse. The fact remains that we did then nothing at all, merely sat tight and waited for disaster to strike again in time.

November 11, 1943—the flags are up, not for peace but for the remembrance of a peace. There's no shouting, unless it's that dimly heard in the memory of the people who remember the date twenty-five years ago. Thanksgiving reigns in the minds

revived early in the mornings because of the great amount of dew.

Lemon yellow, gold, vermillion, scarlet, brown, and sober green are so expertly blended on the coarse canvas of the nearby mountains that they flash upon our minds a more beautiful and richer picture that of Joseph's famous coat. On a nearby hilltop overlooking the valley and campus stands a maple tree, solitary. It is clothed in a mantle of vivid scarlet and is as spectacular and appealing as a young prince awaiting her coronation.

In spring our hills and mountains are beautiful, as they are swathed in pale green and delicate pastels, but in the autumn they flaunt their most gorgeous hues before our eyes. Our minds easily leave our many cares and worries as we gaze at such grandeur.

We feel more like really buckling down and studying now than at any other season. Nature presents us with scenery that no artist has the skill to imitate, and the invigorating weather makes us feel like working. If only all the seasons could be like this when the days are long and golden and the nights are cool and sweet!

THANKSGIVING

Since this is November, it won't be long until our attention will be focused upon that celebrated day which was set aside by our forefathers as a day on which to render thanks unto God for the blessings received during the preceding year. No doubt when this holiday was first proclaimed, it was celebrated with more reverence than we exhibit on this occasion nowadays.

Like everything else, the purpose and significance of Thanksgiving has been markedly affected by the transition of time and by the intellectual and spiritual alterations of civilization. It seems that we of the twentieth century are prone to assume an attitude of hyperself-reliance, which tends to transfer a considerable portion of power from the Deity to our personal account.

Thanksgiving is no longer wholly observed as a time for giving thanks unto God, but is anticipated by a majority of our citizens as an escape from the confinements of a job to engage in some form of temporal activity.

In our opinion, we are becoming too practical-minded and devoting too much of our time to the tangible aspects of life. We are entirely omitting certain phases of our spiritual life which are indispensable in the integrating of our personality and which are conducive to supreme happiness. We concede

BOOK REVIEW By L. J. Hendrix

I CAME OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By John A. Rice

To be the winner of the Harper Anniversary award is no mean achievement. Although Mr. Rice was only co-winner of the 125th anniversary award, the other being Julien Green for his "Memories of Happy Days," it stamps him as a successful, if not great, American writer.

"I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century" is an autobiography that reads like a novel written in the first person, the author halting the story now and then to drop words of wisdom about people and about life in general. "Pungent," "keen," "spirited," "witty," and "relentless," are typical of the many adjectives applied to it by the critics. It deserves all of them and more. It is personal (Mr. Rice insists that Southerners cannot think except through people), almost too personal to be in the best taste. There are at times too intimate delineations of members of the author's family and almost abusive, but tremendously clever, tirades against many men who have disagreed with him. But if he really came out of the

Eighteenth Century, we can forgive him this breach, remembering Pope and Swift, to mention only two vitriolic examples of that age of satire.

Mr. Rice, however, not only hates but also loves and admires his stepmother, who must have been a wonderful, understanding woman, John Webb, one of the few really great teachers of the world, Elmer Davis, whom he knew and loved at Oxford, and others are among those to whom he pays homage.

There is never a dull moment in this book. Whether we are with the writer at Grandma Smith's Plantation, in Columbia, at Grandma Rice's Plantation, in Montgomery, at Bell Buckle, in New Orleans, at Oxford, or at the various colleges where he has taught, our keen interest never flags.

In addition to the great pleasure sure one gets from reading "I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century", all Southerners should read it as a purge, all teachers—according to Rice only a very few deserve the name—as an inspiration, and all college presidents (glorified drummers he call them) for the good of their souls.

MEET THE FROSH

Kathryn Painter is colorful, not only in her appearance (red hair) but also in her personality. She is a very attractive and vivacious young lady.

Kathryn hails from Crossville, where she was very active in all school activities. Being elected cheer leader for three years during her high school days in itself speaks for her popularity as well as her ability and enthusiasm. And if any of you doubt that she has pep, just drop around the volleyball court at 4:30 on Tuesdays and Thursdays and see for yourselves.

Ollie and Billie Thompson are sisters coming to us from Vincent, Alabama. Their two sisters attended Jacksonville a few years ago, so they really feel at home.

Ollie, the older of the two, is a striking brunette of medium build. She is very unassuming and takes her studies seriously—not too seriously to hinder her good times,

however.

Billie, a tall redhead, is well liked by her classmates, as is her sister, and thoroughly enjoys her evenings at the Recreation Center.

Vincent's loss is certainly Jacksonville's gain.

Margaret Weaver, a native of Jacksonville, is also a tall attractive young girl. The popularity which she attained in high school is not waning in college.

Margaret is active in athletics as well as in other extracurricular activities, such as the choral club. She excels in athletics, particularly in volleyball and table tennis. Her ping-pong game is almost equal to that of a professional; just ask any of the soldiers that have tried to outplay her.

She enjoys dancing, reading, and music and was one of the enthusiasts that attended the opera "Faust" when the French class journeyed to Birmingham for that event.

WANTED A PIED PIPER AT FORNEY HALL

Everything was astir. Excitement was in the air. Many unusual sounds were heard in the hall. Some

ed for the same room. What can be the attraction there? The sound of the conversation of mingled

Ye Olde Gossipe

Time fugits and here comes another month of tattling from Ye Olde Gossippe. While snooping around the campus t'other night I caught EDNA BAILEY with a soldier—and he wasn't a master sergeant either! . . . We heard the cutest tale the other day; can't resist telling it to you. It seems that one of our students had cut a class; so, to be the nice little girl she is, she went to the professor and apologized, saying that she just couldn't help it; she was sleeping. The professor in his slow Southern draw said, "Oh, that's all right. At least you didn't sleep in the class." Sounds to me like something was behind that answer. . . . Seen at the REC: Hundreds of soldiers; NOTA JONES having a lot of fun dancing; COOLIDGE DICK dishing out the victuals and doing it well, too! Also PEARL ARNETT helping out.

We happened into Daugette Hall one Sunday afternoon not long ago, and what a mob! Seems the whole Fort was there. The poor monitors were yelling their lungs out for gals. Popular, what! . . . And what about REBECCA TUCK coming to school and learning that her cousin, CORPORAL HANK ODUM from Nashville, is stationed at the Fort. Small world, isn't it? . . . Speaking of Nashville, a recent visit by JANE STEWART of said city left Jacksonville smiling. She was a popular member of last summer's set of beauties.

My! How CORPORAL WARD does get around. Now it's BILLIE THOMPSON. . . . Okay, kid, did you learn anything about "War and Peace" or does only TOLSTOI know that?

Rumor has it that KAT KILLEBREW is "that way" over WAYNE FINDLEY—maybe it's the other way, though. Who knows? . . . Poor little JEAN MCGOURIK! What a pickle she gets herself into about her dates—She just can't seem to say "No" to anyone; so she accepts all dates for the same evening, but there is one thing she's considerate about. That's putting them two hours apart—and then there's FAYERENE CHILDERS. She hangs over the mailbox watching for something from Newfoundland—It's coming—you wait and see.

We haven't caught up with BETH COLE'S latest—can someone tell us about him?

What's happened to CHRISTINE JACKSON? Doesn't she ever do any dirt?

Someone has asked us to put him straight on the MCGOURIK-DEASON affair. . . . Well, if it has had y'all puzzled as much as us, say, you're really in a maze. People we like: VIRGINIA (RATION BOARD) SMITH, a perpetual fashion plate with all her cute clothes. . . . PEARL ARNETT, because she has such pretty red hair. . . . MR. HENDRIX'S-humor-period . . . ELEANOR BRITTAIN, a very smart Alexandrite.

Everyone's wondering why DICK LARKIN always manages to sit next to the cute blonde in 2:30 English class. Couldn't be because she's MISS BYRD?

"A Spanish Cavalier" can be heard being sung in Weatherly Hall at almost any time . . . MARY BETT CAMPBELL seems to benefit mostly by the singing? Why?

JUDY BROCK, ain't you 'shamed of yourself not going to the dark places to say goodnight.

Did ya know that CLEO STAMPS has an admirer whom she's never seen? His picture is tops tho. We've seen it—and, what's more, he's a "Louie."

that we did then nothing at all, merely sat tight and waited for disaster to strike again in time.

November 11, 1943—the flags are up, not for peace but for the remembrance of a peace. There's no shouting, unless it's that dimly heard in the memory of the people who remember the date twenty-five years ago. Thanksgiving reigns in the minds of those filled with hope by the words "Russia retakes lost territory. We drive through Italy", but there's no thanksgiving in the hearts of many whose homes have felt the breath of the storm; there is only bitter desolation.

It's hard to believe that the world could find itself again trapped in the mesh of war. If ending all wars was the ultimate goal of the men who lie in Flanders Field where the poppies blow, we are glad that they cannot see the desert wastes and the green jungle dotted by crosses where the boys, who might have been their sons, lie. What can be done after this war to bring lasting peace we'll leave to wiser heads. We only know that it must be something great and durable to right the breach of faith of the last epoch.

It's queer how armistice days fade away. No one now thinks of the peace day marking the end of the Spanish-American War or that of the War Between the States. Each is blotted out by the larger mark left by the latest struggle. Now we think of November 11, marking "finis" to World War I, as the only Armistice Day. Well, there's another peace coming soon, another armistice day. May that day be the one celebrated until time immemorial, showing that World War II blotted out all other wars in the past and that the people of the world tolerated no more wars of the future.

THESE AUTUMN DAYS

J. S. T. C. is located in one of the most scenic sections of Alabama and now that Indian summer reigns supreme in our locality, all our hearts are thrilled by the awful scenery of the surrounding hills and mountains.

The skies are so blue and the clouds so white that we are reminded of June, but the invigorating breezes that sweep our campus tell us that autumn is here as the forerunner of the colder, bleaker days that will follow.

The mornings are chilly, but around noon we shed our jackets and loll in the golden sunshine. Uncertainty as to weather conditions causes our many colds because we can never tell one day what the next will bring. But, at any rate, we feel like really living, because of the healthy feeling the weather gives us.

The fields of the surrounding country are more or less idle now. The fat ears of corn still hang from their golden-brown stalks, but the blackened cotton burs have been robbed of their fleecy white lint. The grasses and flowers are rather wilted and dry because of the continued drought, but they are

to engage in some form of temporal activity.

In our opinion, we are becoming too practical-minded and devoting too much of our time to the tangible aspects of life. We are entirely omitting certain phases of our spiritual life which are indispensable in the integrating of our personality and which are conducive to supreme happiness. We concede the fact that individual differences will naturally result in varied modes of celebration. However, this does not justify our people in divorcing themselves from religion. We should hold our Thanksgiving festival with higher reverential concern.

In short, we need to get in tune with the Infinite.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS!!

Is it possible that editorial campaigns are of no importance, that they can get no more results than a popgun on a battle field? Time leads one to believe that, and for this reason. Year after year someone on the staff of The Teacola harps on the subject of an eternal pet peeve, which is the short-cutting across the grass, and year by year the foot paths that criss-cross like Indian trails grow broader and deeper. In the same way those faithful signs weather the storms of many a season, and all to no avail. It has been said that to prevent paths sidewalks should be laid down, but with people so anxious to cut off a hair-breadth of a step, walks would be required here, there, and everywhere. We can easily see how it would eventually become necessary for walkers to flip a coin to decide exactly which to take.

It's easy to blame the cross country routes on the freshmen, who, people may say, don't know any better; however, we can't even conceive of the greenest freshman's not knowing any better. Allowing them the benefit of the doubt, what about the all-wise upperclassmen who sneak by day-by-day? Surely they'd never admit ignorance of such a blunder! No, the foot-paths can't be blamed on ignorance. They are the result of a lack of thoughtfulness.

We have our doubts as to a newspaper being able to help that, even with the aid of signs. Only a realization of what one is doing when one thoughtlessly darts across will turn the trick. Stop a moment and look at the campus. It's a lovely one, in fact, the loveliest in the state. By not thinking you are helping tarnish that loveliness.

Will this get results? We hope so—we fear not. If nothing happens soon though, here's hoping a sign goes up reading something like this: "This grass mined! Now will you keep off?"

WANTED A PIED PIPER AT FORNEY HALL

Everything was astir. Excitement was in the air. Many unusual sounds were heard in the hall. Some of these sounds were made as boys tramped from one end of the hall to the other. First came the click, click, step of some hustling person. A very quick, sharp click was made with the heel of a bath room slipper. The sound recedes and others come within range. Doors squeak on their hinges as they are opened and closed. Suddenly there is a bang! bang! A door has been left open, but it swings shut.

Voices, at first high and hilarious, are heard. They gradually grow fainter as the door closes to block the sounds. Still a low mumble can be heard in several rooms. All at once, a hearty but rather unnatural laugh escapes from the room at the end of the hall. It is impossible for that boy to stay quiet long.

A spirit of quietness comes. Everybody must be deeply absorbed in doing something. In the midst of this calmness, a slow, steady step is heard at the upper end of the hall. It pauses, and then it comes slowly on. Perhaps, some visitor is looking for someone's room. Suddenly we are shocked at hearing a high-pitched scream or yell. The person, judging from the sound, misses a step and falls. Nothing else is heard except a sentence uttered by the person as he speaks to someone who goes to the door. Amid the noise of the banging doors, only this sentence is heard "It has gone now."

A few more minutes of quietness, and then something else has happened. Some boy certainly believes in disturbing everybody else around him. Although he was several rooms from us, we could hear him talking to someone in his room. We heard such remarks as these: "Look! only look." Have you ever seen such a sight? Just look out this window!"

Doors open again. Boys emerge, attired in many different forms of clothing. They forget their appearance, for something is happening. Here is something that promises interest. Everybody is overcome by a sense of curiosity. The doors bang. We can hear the constant tramping of feet down the hall. They all seem to be head-

ed for the same room. What can be the attraction there? The sound of the conversation of mingled voices floats from the room into the hall.

Hark! More footsteps approach. They, too, pass on to the same place as did the preceding ones. The conversation grows livelier; gradually the voices become higher and louder; more people enter; they all seem to talk at once, and the excitement becomes tense.

Joining the large crowd of spectators, I noticed nothing at first. The room was crowded with boys. Almost every boy on second floor must have been in there. There was at least one missing, for dimly we could hear the sound of his record player as he played it. Perhaps, absorbed in the music, he had not heard the rush and scamper of figures down the hall.

The attraction was near the window. Having rushed and knocked, I finally came near the window; they stopped talking. Everybody who came near grew quiet and put on a vacant stare. Coming near the window, I looked out. The attraction was on the roof above the lobby. More excitement was going on there than had happened in the dormitory. More running, jumping, scampering, and squealing were taking place than had existed in the hall of the dormitory. However, it was not people on the outside. These creatures ran very quickly from corner to corner. There seemed to be quite a company of them. The combined pat of many small feet and the slash of tails against the roof made a dull sound. They were probably searching for food and water, but, for all that group, it would take much.

I recalled the gnawing, grinding sounds I had heard in the waste cans of the hall. These sounds were usually heard at night. These same creatures would perhaps find their way back to the hall after the picnic was over. A few might even venture inside the rooms.

Yes, there are rats in Forney Hall, and some of them are large. How beneficial it would have been had the Pied Piper come along and charmed the rats to follow him.

We had no Piper. The music of the record player was still dimly heard, but it seems that the rats were not charmed by it.

Couldn't be because she's MISS BYRD?

"A Spanish Cavalier" can be heard being sung in Weatherly Hall at almost any time . . . MARY BETT CAMPBELL seems to benefit mostly by the singing? Why?

JUDY BROCK, ain't you 'shamed of yourself not going to the dark places to say goodnight.

Did ya know that CLEO STAMPS has an admirer whom she's never seen? His picture is tops tho. We've seen it—and, what's more, he's a "Louie."

We're sure you all gossip; so why not share a little of it with Ye Olde Gossiper?

IN MEMORY OF

I'm dreaming by the fire tonight
Yes, dreaming of an angel's face;
And in each yellow tongue of light,
That smiling image finds its place.

And while I watch each flick'ring ray,
My heart is wild with vain delight,
For down the paths of yesterday,
I stroll again with you tonight.

Again we take the winding way,
Which soon will find the august beech,

And when we spy the slender gray
To it with arms and hearts we reach.

And we will carve our names once more,
So, when either comes along,
We can best recall the yore
And tonight, e'en though it's gone,

Yes, I remember vividly,
Though we're years and miles apart
I carved your name upon the tree,
But you carved yours upon my heart.

Have you forgot so soon the night
That Venus donned a mauvish gown?
I still recall and think you might;
You made a promise worth a crown.

Love light poured from crystal blue,
Moonbeamlets fingered in your hair,
And diamonds twinkled just for you.

Oh, God! now that we were there!

And now the fire-light dims and goes,
And with it, too, your face has gone:

I reach for you while still it glows,
But alas! I'm all alone.

O Time! Elusive Time, rebound!
Roll back, roll back those price-less years,

And heal upon my heart this wound
Ere heart and mem'ry disappear.

—Euclid Rains.

TIP

By Edna Moore

All of the friends of Miss Luttrell, one of the spinsters of the faculty, will be delighted to learn that she is not without love and protection. The male in her life is named merely Tip. Tip is a handsome but very dignified dog. He has been under the influence of Miss Luttrell's irresistible charm ever since he reached the age of five weeks; therefore, it is no wonder that he stubbornly refuses to be parted from her.

In the beginning of their lovely friendship, the feeling which Tip had for Miss Luttrell was not returned. Since she did not have very much love for Tip and since she believed that he could be of no help to her, Miss Luttrell decided to divorce him. But Tip had something to say about the matter of divorce. Everyone who accepted Tip as an inmate of his home was dismayed after a day or two to find that the dear, true individual had returned to his former mistress.

Recently, however, Tip has proved his faithfulness and his usefulness. On returning home late one night Miss Luttrell was disturbed when Tip greeted her with a series of barks and yelps as though he were trying to tell her something. She drove her car to the back part of the yard where her garage is located. There near the building stood a strange man. Miss Luttrell was frightened almost to death! She soon learned that the man was just passing through the yard; nevertheless, had not Tip, her hero, been at her side reassuring her she would have fainted then and there.

Tip's other important duty is guarding his mistress's one and only automobile. If and when someone decides to borrow a tire, and a few gallons of gasoline, or even the entire vehicle, that someone is in for some stiff opposition on the part of Tip.

Tip's playmate on the campus is Tony, owned by Mrs. Rowan. Each day at Daugette Hall Miss Luttrell and Mrs. Rowan run a race through the dining hall to get food for Tip and Tony. But Miss Luttrell has an advantage over Mrs. Rowan because she has only Tip to take care of while Mrs. Rowan takes in every stray dog that invades the premises of Daugette Hall.

Plans Completed For Soph Hop

Plans for the Sophomore Hop to be held Friday, December 3, in the Jacksonville State Teachers College Physical Education Building have been completed by the Sophomore Class.

The decoration scheme for the dance will follow the theme most thought of during the month of December, that of Christmas. The gymnasium will be decorated throughout with colors symbolic of that season, and evergreen trees, as announced by the decoration committee.

An excellent band has been procured for the dance, one that comprises players of nationally known bands.

The Sophomore Hop is the first of the three main dances at J. S. T. C., and is an annual affair. It is, as are the others, a program dance.

Admittance is by invitation only. Bids may be secured from John Deason, class president, Sara Nell Stockdale, or Katherine Knight.

Dinner Honors Forum Speaker

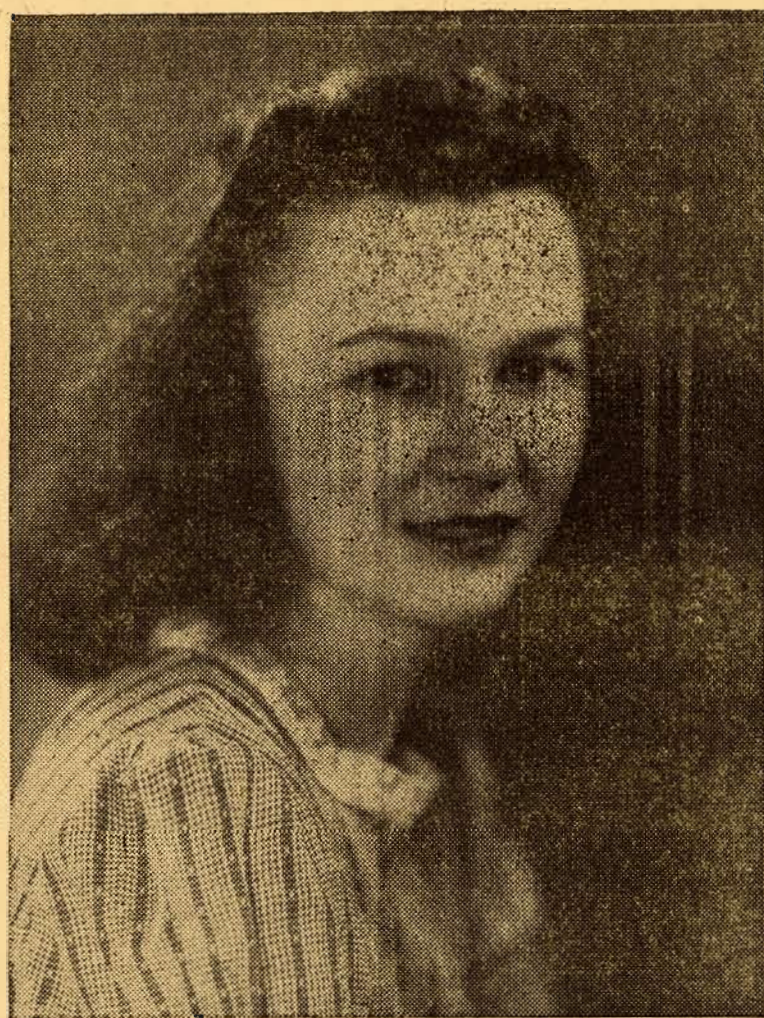
Lieutenant-Governor Ellis, guest speaker at the Town Meeting for Peace, was honored at an informal dinner at the Jacksonville Recreation Center before the meeting.

President Houston Cole introduced Mr. Ellis, who spoke briefly on the war situation. He made the encouraging statement that he would not be surprised to hear of the collapse of Germany at any time.

Among those present were: Messrs. L. F. Ellis, J. F. Gidley, L. J. Hendrix, Houston Cole, C. E. Cayley, A. C. Shelton, J. M. Wood, J. C. Bruce, H. E. Lester, P. J. Arnold, R. L. Crow, E. H. West, R. K. Coffee, J. H. Fryar, A. P. Johnston, John B. Nesbitt, J. L. Townley, Dean Edwards, Leon Boozer, Roy Snead, A. J. Kitchens, W. E. Fuqua, W. O. Barrow, Guy Rutledge, L. F. Ingram, Dr. Loy Allison, Dr. R. P. Felgar, Dr. J. F. Glazner, Dr. W. J. Calvert, and Dr. F. M. Lawrence.

Weatherly Notes

Congratulations go to the Weatherly Hall girls for their perfect attendance at the Town Meeting for Peace last Tuesday evening. We hope they attend all meetings as readily.



Miss Jean McGouirk, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. McGouirk of Anniston, will lead the Sophomore Hop Friday night, December 3, with John Deason, Jasper, president of the Sophomore Class.

Miss McGouirk is a sophomore majoring in commercial subjects at J. S. T. C. She is one of the most popular students on the campus, is an active member of the Morgan Literary Society, and is prominent in all campus activities.

TRIVIA

By Laura Burns

A personable young friend who has been screeching to break into print is now being officially introduced, much to his satisfied jabbering. He is a bit Hottentotic in that he hasn't quite mastered the fundamentals of English grammar, or, indeed, even the basic parts of Piedmontic dialect, being only seven months old. Needless to say, he is exceedingly adaptable: when in Piedmont he is wholly provincial, but cosmopolitan when outside. A peculiarity of his is that he cries for attention only when someone is near to administer aid and comfort; he amuses himself and terrorizes others by becoming alternately lamblike and leonine. He is lord of all that he surveys on and beyond his horizon, which is bounded on three sides by the walls of his crib.

Evans is becoming civilized by

and spasmodic clutching of fingers at noses and wigs. This latter is followed by a determined tug to remove the fascinating cause of disturbance.

My friend seemingly has an ear for music, yet hasn't differentiated between Bach and boogie-woogie. The Seashore Tests haven't been administered, but of course that will come in time. . . . Which reference reminds me of tempo: I was listening to a favorite program when it was announced that Schubert's "Unfinished" was to be played. I mused, "Evans would surely become ecstatic over Schubert. That is, if he gets that way over Strauss and ice cream, there's only a step toward Franz."

Thus both of us mused, my charge and I. Then, to my astonishment, Evans bled in the throes of oldrums, protesting only three or four times. That was admirable.

Loneti White Weds Pascal King Patrick-Whited Union Announced

Of interest to students and faculty of J. S. T. C. is the recent marriage of two former students, Loneti White and Pascal B. King.

Pat King, a graduate of J. S. T. C. last spring, was inducted into the armed forces shortly after graduation. He was stationed for some time at Fort Custer, Michigan, afterwards being selected as an honorary guard at West Point Military Academy, West Point, New York.

Peggy, formerly of Ashland, Alabama, would have been a graduate of J. S. T. C. in the coming spring had not her education been abruptly terminated by her decision to join Mr. King in New York.

Their ceremony took place November 3, 1943, at the home of a Methodist minister at Highland Falls, New York. Mr. and Mrs. King are now residing in New York. Through the Teacola we wish to extend them our heartiest congratulations.

MR. AND MRS. WALKER CELEBRATE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Sunday, October 24, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Walker celebrated their Golden Anniversary. For the past twenty-five years Mr. Walker has worked on the maintenance staff of J. S. T. C.

Children and grandchildren entertained at an open house in honor of the day. The home was beautifully decorated with Autumn leaves, garden flowers and cut flowers presented by friends. The refreshment table held a lovely embossed cake with the inscription "Fifty Years" upon it. Coffee, iced punch, salted nuts, and cake were served the guests.

Many friends called during the afternoon to congratulate the couple. A collection of gifts was displayed, among which was a fifty-dollar War Bond from the entire J. S. T. C. faculty and staff.

Apartment News

On Monday night, October 18, a housemeeting was held in the parlor of the Apartment Dormitory. After a song had been sung to open the meeting, a committee to plan a fall social was appointed by the chairman of the committee, Jean McGouirk.

Officers for the 1943 scholastic year for the dormitory were elected. They are: President, May Frances Braswell; vice-president, Lillie Norris; secretary-treasurer,

A recent marriage of particular interest to the J. S. T. C. campus is that of a former student, Edna Frances Patrick, to Staff Sergeant Lavera Whited on September 12, 1943.

Mrs. Whited is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Patrick of Choccolocco and was classified as a senior here at J. S. T. C. She was vice-president of the Student Council and a popular student on the campus.

Sergeant Whited is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Whited of Fort Payne and is at present stationed at Orlando, Florida.

The couple were married at Fort Payne the day before the bride registered as a student at Jacksonville for the fall quarter. The announcement of the marriage was made October 21.

Mrs. Whited has left school to reside with her husband at Orlando. On October 21 Mrs. Whited was feted at a dinner at the Apartment Dormitory by Miss Lillian Maze and Miss Inez Spears, friends and classmates of Mrs. Whited.

A delicious steak supper was enjoyed by the honoree, Mrs. Whited, Miss Dorothy Meeks, Miss Eleanor Banks, Mrs. Mattie Mae Ryan, and the hostesses.

BLOTTINGS FROM DAUGETTE HALL

The girls at Daugette Hall extend their most heartfelt sympathy to Hattie O'Neal in the recent death of her brother-in-law and to Matilene Sharburt in the death of her grandfather.

Although a great number of Daugette's belles go home on weekends, you will always find a few girls left to brighten up the campus and keep the home fires burning. Edna Earle Moon of Guntersville was a visitor of her sister, Dorothy Jean Moon, recently.

Saturday mornings always find the girls at Daugette housecleaning. With might and main they sweep and dust and mop. The laundry room is the gossip center of the dormitory, and school work and men share the limelight alike. Both of them get a thorough threshing.

The girls at Daugette recently elected dormitory officers at one of their regular house meetings. Officers had not been elected sooner because of the turnover of students that occurred after the first-term teachers left. Wynell Riddle was reelected president, and other officers are as follows: vice-president, Kathryn Knight; secretary and treasurer, Julia Thornton; and reporters, Miriam Wood and Mary

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

ALUMNI OFFICERS

Ernest Stone, President Mildred Marona, Secretary
R. LISTON CROW, Treasurer
MRS. R. K. COFFEE, Editor

PAUL WILLIAMS LOST IN PACIFIC

Lieutenant Paul Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Williams of Oxford, has been reported lost in the service of his country. He failed to return to his air base at San Diego, Calif., recently from a mission. He was reported lost after a fruitless search was conducted over the route which he traveled.

A telegram was received by his parents saying that the plane which he was flying had been found between two islands, but no trace of the pilot had been found.

Lieutenant Williams was a graduate of the Calhoun County High School and was an outstanding student at the college. He received his silver wings in Texas in 1942 and was slated to be promoted to the rank of captain on the day he failed to return. He had been transporting planes from California to a secret destination for several months.

VIBERT FORBES HAVE SON

The friends of Ella Maude and Vibert Forbes will be interested to learn of the arrival of their little son, Charles Vibert, Jr., on August 14.

Vibert is now First Lieutenant Charles V. Forbes, and his address is 612905, A.P.O. 15005, care P. M. N. Y., N. Y. He sailed around the first of October, and so far his family has not heard from him.

Ella Maude is teaching at Empire and living with her parents.

Both were popular students and have friends here and elsewhere who will be interested to hear from them.

DR. MEADOWS APPOINTED FINANCE DIRECTOR

Dr. Austin R. Meadows, an alumnus of this college, was appointed Director of the Division of Administration and Finance of the State Department of Education, succeeding Dr. R. L. Johns, who has entered military service.

Dr. Meadows, who is a native of Coosa County, has served as supervisor of school surveys and school transportation for the department for a number of years. He also holds degrees from the University of Alabama and Columbia University.

JACK KEITH RECEIVES COMMISSION

LETTER FROM FLOYD DENDY

The following interesting letter was clipped from The Boaz Leader and will be of interest to the many friends of Floyd Dendy, who is now Sergeant Williams F. Dendy: Dear Aunt:

I've finally received the reading material that you sent. Thanks very much. If you send any more, try to send me a TEACOLA please.

About the only news I have in reply to your interesting letters is a brief note about my recent leave and complete tour of the Holy Lands. To begin with, I'll say that I feel much better after a rest and some swell food.

My tour really began at Tel-Aviv. We went from there to Jerusalem, stopping at all points of interest on the way. We spent about two days in and around Jerusalem, visiting mosques, temples, etc. Some of the places we visited were the Mount of Olives, overlooking the Garden of Gethsemane, The Church of all Nations, Mount Scopus, overlooking the Dead Sea and the City of Jerusalem, Rachel's Tomb, Bethlehem, including The Church of The Nativity, Chapel of Innocents, Grotto of St. Jerome, and many other places of interest. On the road to Bethlehem we stopped and looked into the Shepherd's Field and The Fields of Boaz. We were in the old city and the new, at the Pool of Bethesda, Church of St. Anna, Via Dolorosa, The Fourteen Stations of the Cross, The Western Wall (Wailing Wall) and many other places too numerous to remember or write about. We went down to the Dead Sea and the City of Jericho. We also visited Ascension Temple and The Garden Tomb.

Three of us visited the Y. M. C. A. and King David Hotel on the night we were in Jerusalem. From here we proceeded to Haifa, stopping at points of interest on the way. We stopped at Jacob's Well. While in Haifa, we visited Mt. Carmel and got some beautiful camera shots overlooking the sea. This proved to be the extremity of our journey. On the return trip we went by way of Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, etc. We crossed the river Jordan into Trans-Jordan territory several times on the trip and then back into Palestine.

That is a very, very brief summary of some of the highlights of the trip. I have a complete history of it in pictures we made and could spend several hours telling

Weatherly Notes

Congratulations go to the Weatherly Hall girls for their perfect attendance at the Town Meeting for Peace last Tuesday evening. We hope they attend all meetings as readily.

The "Kitchen Cabinet" entertained with a farewell party to Reba Wall recently. The "crew" played a number of games, and delicious refreshments were served to the following: Reb Wall, Lillith Moore, Mary Beth Campbell, Mrs. McWhorter, Bernice and Elsie Wilson, Lucile Redmond, Mary and Martha Freeman, Bill McWhorter, and Braxton Tatum.

Mary Freeman and Edith Edwards spent this past week-end at home.

Sergeant Edward Bowles and his mother were dinner guests of Miss Lucile Williams at Weatherly Sunday.

Coach Dillon spent the week-end with his family and friends here. Everyone was glad to see him.

Also seen and heard around Weatherly Hall—A date on Thursday night—A decided absence of a certain group of boys Sunday—A sudden interest in reading among the girls—A rainy evening, a game of rook and card tricks—A group of boys and girls singing in the parlor—Rumors that everybody is waiting for Thanksgiving and a few days at home.

Apartment Girls 'Possum Hunt

On Monday night, November 1, the Apartment Dormitory girls sponsored for their fall-quarter social a 'possum hunt. The hunt was planned by a committee composed of Jean McGouirk, chairman, Charlotte Flynt, and Doris Norton.

Before starting on the 'possum hunt, the dormitory girls entertained themselves and guests with a wiener roast behind the Apartment Dormitory. Guests present were President and Mrs. Houston Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rutledge, Dr. Clara Weishaupt, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Shelton, Mary Ann Shelton, and Beth Cole.

The woods northeast of the college were the scene of the 'possum hunt. Mr. Shelton was official 'possum hunter, and Dr. Weishaupt and Mr. Rutledge acted as chaperons for the party. The hunt ended when the third 'possum had been caught.

With the assistance of Dr. Weishaupt and her knowledge of the stars, everyone reached the dormitory safely.

but cosmopolitan outside. A peculiarity of his is that he cries for attention only when someone is near to administer aid and comfort; he amuses himself and terrorizes others by becoming alternately lamblike and leonine. He is lord of all that he surveys on and beyond his horizon, which is bounded on three sides by the walls of his crib.

Evans is becoming civilized by leaps and bounds; rather, he is learning by divers thumps and bumps. Illustrating the principle of association, he has recently learned that that vast expanse beneath the crib and him is the floor, and that it is by no means as soft as the mattress of his crib, against which he practices gymnastics. Among his current feats of strength are rhythmic knocking of the head against any surrounding object, drumming along the mattress, accomplished by means of lightning movements of his legs,

An Orchid To:

Frances Martin—for having a big-knitted red sweater that looks like a picture in Mademoiselle; for having a grin that would knock down a stone wall; for keeping alive that spirit of Alexandrian Calhounism as many have done before her.

Reuben Boozer—for being able to get the girls on his soccer team to work hard; for not talking so much and doing more; for having that attractive kind of good looks that

seem to be characteristic of Boozer men.

Margaret Weaver—for having so many pretty plaid skirts; for being one of the best dressed girls in J'ville; for looking like a million dollars every time that you see her.

Jimmy Hinton—for being so faithful about going to the tea dances; for learning from reading, as every smart college student should; for being unchanged after rooming with Vernon Whittle for almost a quarter.

(Editor's note: The alumni will be interested to know that the Evans mentioned above is the son of Lt. John Harbour.)

After a song had been sung to open the meeting, a committee to plan a fall social was appointed by the chairman of the committee, Jean McGouirk.

Officers for the 1943 scholastic year for the dormitory were elected. They are: President, May Frances Braswell; vice-president, Lillie Norris; secretary-treasurer, Inez Spears; reporter, Katherine Killebrew.

Sara Nell Stockdale urged everyone to give to the War Chest to boost the college's contribution in the drive.

Sara Nell's urging must have done some good because the Apartment gave 100 per cent to the War Chest.

The 'Partment was well represented at Ringling Brothers Circus on Thursday evening, October 21. Charlotte Flynt, Evelyn Norton, Inez Shaddix, Vitura Strickland, Mrs. Stapp, Lillie Norris, Jean McGouirk, and Cleo Stamps went to Anniston to witness the show under the big tent.

Everybody in the 'Partment wants to welcome two new students who have come to the dorm for the second six weeks of this quarter. Virginia Newell from Powhatan is a freshman at J. S. T. C., and Frances Demsey, Piedmont, is an older student at J. H. S.

en up the halls and rooms of the college, as well as the grounds surrounding Bibb Graves Hall and the Apartment Dormitory.

One of the many other things that she enjoys is arranging a school room so that it is pretty and quite different from other school rooms.

When asked about her greatest ambition, Mrs. Stapp said that she didn't suppose she has any personal ones, but that she does have one so far as our school is concerned. That ambition is to make the grounds of J. S. T. C. more beautiful, and do that to such an extent that this will be the show place and inspiration for other schools.

From our conversation with her we would not be afraid to say that perhaps her proudest possession is her little granddaughter, Margaret Ann. Margaret Ann now has a tooth and is quite cute, her grandmother says.

Almost everything that we have here related about Mrs. Stapp is information that we already knew, although, in addition to her other qualities, Mrs. Stapp is one of the most modest persons whom we have ever met and she does not advertise.

only does she like them, but she has also planned quite a few nice things in their interest—such things as a question box on etiquette and Sunday afternoon teas. Next to her girls our "Personality" likes flowers. It is easy for us to believe that, because we all see the colorful flowers that bright-

ed military service.

Dr. Meadows, who is a native of Coosa County, has served as supervisor of school surveys and school transportation for the department for a number of years. He also holds degrees from the University of Alabama and Columbia University.

Jack Keith, a former student, has been spending a leave with his father, G. A. Keith, and other relatives in Fort Payne. He recently received his commission in the Army Air Corps, and this is his first leave since he entered the service more than a year ago.

Lieutenant Keith received ground training and was sent overseas. After several months of duty in the South Pacific, he was sent back here for training as a pilot and recently completed his training.

His sister, Mrs. C. C. Dillon, Mr. Dillon, Patty, and Bob joined other members of the family for a "welcome home" last week-end. The mother, Mrs. G. A. Keith, passed away since Jack has been away.

Dr. H. C. Pannell, Superintendent of the Tuscaloosa City Schools, was guest of President and Mrs. Houston Cole Friday afternoon and night, October 22. He spoke to the

faculty of the college on Friday afternoon.

Immediately after the meeting, refreshments were served in the student lounge. Mrs. John F. Rowan poured coffee at the prettily appointed table, and cookies were served by Misses Cleo Stamps, Rebecca Tuck, Lillie Norris, Louise Bonino, and Nell Inman.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

...from family fireside to far-flung fronts

When short-snorters (trans-ocean flyers) meet and compare their autographed dollar bills, the invitation Have a "Coke" is fairly sure to follow. At home and abroad Coca-Cola has become a symbol of those who see things in a friendly light.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Anniston Ala.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

Have a Coca-Cola = Welcome, Short-Snorter



...from family fireside to far-flung fronts

When short-snorters (trans-ocean flyers) meet and compare their autographed dollar bills, the invitation Have a "Coke" is fairly sure to follow. At home and abroad Coca-Cola has become a symbol of those who see things in a friendly light.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Anniston Ala.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

Dr. Pannell Honored At Tea

Dr. H. C. Pannell, Superintendent of the Tuscaloosa City Schools, was guest of President and Mrs. Houston Cole Friday afternoon and night, October 22. He spoke to the

faculty of the college on Friday afternoon.

Immediately after the meeting, refreshments were served in the student lounge. Mrs. John F. Rowan poured coffee at the prettily appointed table, and cookies were served by Misses Cleo Stamps, Rebecca Tuck, Lillie Norris, Louise Bonino, and Nell Inman.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

...from family fireside to far-flung fronts

When short-snorters (trans-ocean flyers) meet and compare their autographed dollar bills, the invitation Have a "Coke" is fairly sure to follow. At home and abroad Coca-Cola has become a symbol of those who see things in a friendly light.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Anniston Ala.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

This proved to be the extremity of our journey. On the return trip we went by way of Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, etc. We crossed the river Jordan into Trans-Jordan territory several times on the trip and then back into Palestine.

That is a very, very brief summary of some of the highlights of the trip. I have a complete history of it in pictures we made and could spend several hours telling about it. Maybe you would like to hear about it some time.

I'm sending you a little souvenir of Jerusalem for a Christmas present. Hope it reaches you by then.

Good night now. I must quit, and promise to write again soon.

Your loving nephew,
Floyd.

MAVIS VIRGINIA EASTERLING A BRIDE

Appearing in The Birmingham News recently was a photograph of the former Mavis Virginia Easterling, of Dadeville, who is the bride of Loren B. Schwab. The marriage took place in September.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Schwab are residing in Augusta, Ga.

faculty of the college on Friday afternoon.

Immediately after the meeting, refreshments were served in the student lounge. Mrs. John F. Rowan poured coffee at the prettily appointed table, and cookies were served by Misses Cleo Stamps, Rebecca Tuck, Lillie Norris, Louise Bonino, and Nell Inman.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

...from family fireside to far-flung fronts

When short-snorters (trans-ocean flyers) meet and compare their autographed dollar bills, the invitation Have a "Coke" is fairly sure to follow. At home and abroad Coca-Cola has become a symbol of those who see things in a friendly light.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY Alabama Coca-Cola Bottling Co., Anniston Ala.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

© 1943 The C-C Co.

The Fleet's In

"Look, girls, men! The fleet's in!" Their cry echoed from every window of the Apartment Dormitory as two of Uncle Sam's navy uniforms, two former J. S. T. C. students adequately filling them, walked by.

All over the campus girls were hanging out of windows, strolling across the campus with awe-inspired looks on their faces, or just whistling with all their power as those thrilling navy uniforms strolled nonchalantly by.

As every one knows by now, our campus was graced by six of our most famous students who are now serving their country in the navy. Midshipmen Grissom, Brittain, and Strother were in from Mercer for a short period of four days. They have finished their course at Mercer and are now at the campus of Columbia University. In a very short time they will be standing on the fore-peak of some battleship and shouting at the gobs below in the same tone they used to shout orders to freshmen while they were students at J. S. T. C.

Seamen Lindsay and Sharp were in for a few days from Millsaps. They have finished their first quarter's work with honors and in eight short months will either be given active duty as midshipmen or follow in the footsteps of the above

mentioned future John Paul Joneses.

Seaman Bill Hamilton from Atlanta graced our campus for one day and night. He has just finished aviation mechanic school and will be off for a more specialized school in a matter of weeks. Bill is hoping for active duty in the naval ground crew.

The boys are still the same fun-loving, frolicsome boys of college days. The biggest change was noticed in Bill Hamilton. Bill hasn't reduced so much, but his weight loss has spread out to cover a bigger area instead of concentrating in one spot. (Theory of diffusion to you biology students.) Hack Sharp still has his G. I. haircut and is still as crazy as ever. Gruesome Grissom was slightly taken aback when he called for his blushing beauty to find the whole family gone. Strother made his way to the McClellan mansion and was not one bit surprised to find Mary Lib waiting quite serenely by a "Moon-lit garden gate". Lone wolf Brittain jarred the whole campus, particularly the occupants of room 227 in Forney, when he dated the Murderous Mary of Doughtie Hall.

All in all, I think the campus is a little bit more patriotic since the boys came. Come again, boys.

These Changing Rules

Along with the coming of shortened things like shirts, hair, and supply of males to the J. S. T. C. campus, there has come the lengthening of some things. The main thing that has been lengthened on the campus is the leash that the house-mamas and house-papa have held on the inmates of their respective dormitories since the beginning of J. S. T. C.

If it seems to you as if your freedom is being extremely limited when you have to come in at ten o'clock from that Sunday night date, take a look at these rules which were characteristic of the so-called "good old days" at J. S. T. C. We guarantee satisfaction. We hope that this article will not furnish the idea for a "shorter-leash" campaign among our special friends, the "leash-holders."

First of all, the girls of yesterday were allowed only one date a week, and that had to be on Sunday night. And the parlor at Weatherly Hall was always empty by nine-thirty. All couples dated together in one parlor a chaperone in the midst of them.

Mr. Hendrix tells us that he can remember the day when the chaperone

Bailey-Herb—.998—At last.
W. Smith-Army—.997—The usual thing.
Byrd-Whittle—.876—One sided.
Washwoman-Homer & Jack—.873—Hot stuff.
McGouirk-Deason—.801—It's about time.
Patterson-Deason—.800—New blood.
Inman-Harrington Army—.775—Hard to tell.
Childers-Wood—.678—Puppy love.
Glenn-Williams—.663—Can't live on memories.
Stockdale-Bruce—.627—Stamping room only.
Inman-Kirkpatrick—.600—Sucker.
Glenn-Kirkpatrick—.599—Puritan love affair.
Redmon-Tatum—.567—Can't be too nice.
Byrd-Larkin—.560—Watch out, Whittle.
Dempsey-Johnston—.543—Watch your feet, Dempsey.
Hanson—"Judo" Anderson—.478—He's rough.
Hanson-Dick—.478—Holding his own.
Upton-Finley—.469—The shy type.
Waldrop-Irwin—.333—One night a week.
McWhorter-Brittain—.333—Three days' leave.
McWhorter-Hinton—.333—Steady

"Who's Who" At J. S. T. C.



Pictured above are the three girls whose names will be listed in Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges, 1943-44. They are, from left to right, Mabel Duran, Frances Weaver, and Wynelle Riddle.

Tea Dance Talk

The tea dances of J. S. T. C. are swiftly growing into a marvelous two hours of dancing every Monday and Thursday evenings. More to the pleasure of the boys than that of the girls, Fort McClellan is not as well represented as Forney Hall. The girls seem to be dinging again on the wonderful floor of Bibb Graves since the G. I. shoes are not so popular on their feet. I'll admit that Uncle Sam does have good eats and makes sturdy shoes, but watch out, girls, because of these diets we're having and the new shoe stamp we'll be in the class with soldiers before long.

Some say that we should change the name of the dance. Why not? Has anyone seen the tea for which this dance is named? A suggestion of the "sweater and tie" dances has arisen. Calling the dance so should be an easy way to get the boys out. Just say "sweater" and I'm sure they'll come whistling in ready to dance.

The boys at Forney who didn't know that dancing existed before they came to J. S. T. C. are coming right along now that they have heard of the wonderful times we have been having over on the other campus. It is no trouble at all to get them into a lesson by the popular tune, "PISTOL PACKING MAMMA." I'm sure they won't be "wall-flowers" at the Soph Hop.

If it keeps up, I think we're going to get in Ripley's "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" for at the two last dances we've had more boys than girls. It's a pity that the

home-rooms of the high school selected a boy and girl as candidates, and these were voted on. The girl elected as queen was Floye Burnham, representing the Senior Class, and the king elected was Emmett Barr from the Senior 11 Class. The king and queen were crowned by Dr. Self. Their crowns were yellow and black paper.

After the crowning of the king and queen, the floor was cleared and everyone joined in dancing. Music was furnished by the I. R. T. C. Band from Fort McClellan.

FOR YOUR HARDWARE
NEEDS SHOP AT
Crew's
Modern Hardware Store

912 Noble Street
ANNISTON, ALABAMA
PITTSBURG PAINTS

VARSITY VOLLEYBALL TEAM CHOSEN

If you happen by the volleyball courts on pretty Tuesday or Thursday afternoons or the Physical Ed. Building on bad ones, you will find competition raging hot and furious in the volleyball classes. Coach Stevenson has selected some of the better players from his class to be on the Varsity Team. Those selected were: Nan Davis, Frances Weaver, Ruth Upton, Isabelle Parker, Evelyn Csane, Margaret Weaver, Gwendolyn Anders, and Billie Thompson, first team. On the second team are: Louise Bonino, Wayne Finley, Marion Coffee, Hattie O'Neal, Charlotte Mock, Elsie Wilson, Kathryn Painter, and Kathryn Knight. They have challenged the high school girls. As the scores stand now, the high school team has won two games and the Varsity Team, one.

Thursday, November 2, the college won its first game over the high school. Two games were played, the college winning both of them.

Several of the best players on the high school team were absent, however, due to the rain, but the Varsity Team plans to challenge them later when the entire high school team is present. The Varsity Team seems to have improved considerably since the first of the fall, having learned to cooperate better and to control the ball more successfully.

HIGH SCHOOL'S VOLLEYBALL TEAM IS TOPS

In a time when athletic competition has gone almost completely out of style for many Southern schools, it is really remarkable to find a team that plays steadily, and wins just as steadily. We might explain the situation by saying that the team is composed entirely of girls, and almost all of them under eighteen years of age. It is the high school volleyball team from J. H. 1, and one of the variety that would give even a male team fits.

The girls have developed a technique all their own. It consists of giving the ball a hit with the fist that sends it across the net low and hard, and very seldom out. More often, in fact, it is what is known in volleyball vernacular as a direct "kill". Before accomplishing a play of that kind it is necessary to keep the ball up, which the girls accomplish with all apparent ease.

The team uses very few substitu-



Well, Well Well! Icy winter, rat caps, large group of college students, lots of gay laughter, and happy hearts! Where are they going? Any year but this year and you'd have the answer right on the tip of your tongue; but not this year. No, they're going possum hunting. A movement has been started to make possum hunting the national sport. It will not only help the farmers to have chickens on the menu when the preacher eats Sunday dinner with them. It will give the students some much-needed exercise. Besides that, according to a very informed voice, it will help Dr. Weishaupt in her pastime of reading the stars, especially when she has to read them to find the party's way back to the Apartment Dormitory, and if I'm not being too incentious, who wouldn't like getting lost in any dark wood with some sweet little raven-haired beauty, or blonde either, for that matter.

Hark! Do I hear the sound of a basketball rebounding off the hardwood floors of a basketball court? Do I hear the shrill sound of the referee's whistle? Do I hear the pound of running feet? Yes, friend, Jacksonvillians, country-men, it's that time again. Soon all the boys will lose privileges that they have enjoyed for the past ten months. Soon they'll start the nightly grind of pushing their tired bodies over miles of hardwood floors to achieve the final goal—tired bodies but proud hearts from having won a basketball game. Gone will be the fun-loving boys of the fall quarter days. Instead you'll have tough hunks of he-men on your hands, men as tough as those in uniform, girls.

It looks as if we might have some college football this year after all. These Navy V-12 men certainly can pack that pig-skin and throw those rolling blocks! According to the radio, we may hear some good games. Gas won't let us go see them, but we can sit in our rooms and yell like —huh?

Tennis—at this time of year? The writer was so shocked when he saw the little red ball being knocked back and forth across the net that he couldn't do anything but join the throng of spectators. After watching a few of the games, though, the author slowly walked away shaking his head and muttering "What's the new generation gonna think of next? Tennis in November" With shorts on, too. Such lovely strokes as are revealed by the shorts the tennis players wear.

Last but not least comes a large groan from the boys from Forney. "We didn't do it", they shout whenever anyone even looks at them. The poor boys at Forney have been blamed for everything from causing the Army to eat with its fingers because the—borrowed some silver from the dining hall to tearing down the terrace at Doughtie Hall. Take it easy on the boys; they aren't the only villains in school.

Each player seems to feel Here's betting on the home town that she can stay in there and slug team.

So far the high school team has played the J. S. T. C. varsity team four times and defeated them three out of the four games. That speaks well for the high girls, because the varsity team is picked from a large class of good volleyball players. Coach Steve explains it this way, "Those high school girls just don't like to be beaten."

Last week the high school octet met and defeated an Alexandria team. This week they will play Anniston, and later Emma Sansom.

COMPLIMENTS OF
**The Federal
Products Co. Inc.**
CLEANERS - CHEMICALS-
ALKALIES AND KINDRED
PRODUCTS

Post Office Box 446
ANNISTON, ALABAMA
906 GURNEE AVENUE

campaign among our special friends, the "leash-holders."

First of all, the girls of yesterday were allowed only one date a week, and that had to be on Sunday night. And the parlor at Weatherly Hall was always empty by nine-thirty. All couples dated together in one parlor a chaperone in the midst of them.

Mr. Hendrix tells us that he can remember the day when the chaperone went around from couple to couple to see that boy and girl were sitting the proper distance apart. Just what Mr. Hendrix was doing in Weatherly's parlor on the date night we have not decided. Oh, you say that he must have been the chaperone. Not likely, my dear Watson. It is entirely possible, however, that he was the chaperone's chaperone.

Secondly, the boys and girls of J. S. T. C. were not allowed to speak to each other in the halls between classes. We know that this must have been terrible when J. S. T. C. had its share of the stronger sex. But think how awful it would be if this rule were enforced in this year of 1943. We of the fairer sex rarely see any boys, and when we see 'em, we use all our magic charm to draw 'em our way. What would we do without being able to use the "sweet salutation" method of getting one of the twenty-three away from the other gals?

Thirdly, there were ever-present junior leash-holders called chaperones, who saw every step that a girl took outside the door of the dorm. The chaperones were undoubtedly privileged characters of Weatherly Hall.

The honor of being a chaperone was probably the highest honor bestowed on a girl by her housemother. Each girl looked forward to that day when she, too, might be a chaperone. But until that time, she hated the "cappies" worse than anything else.

Don't you feel better? Don't you just love Mrs. House-mother for respecting your freedom? Just this word of advice before lights-out notice is given us—be careful that you do not stretch your leash so far that you wake your leash-holder from her peaceful slumber. When she is aroused, she will pull in the leash, and you will feel like a puppet dangling on the end of a string. Remember "a hint to the wise is sufficient."

NATIONAL COAL
AND
COKE COMPANY
Coal - Coke

Birmingham, Alabama
Memphis, Tennessee

whittie.
Dempsey-Johnston—.543—Watch your feet, Dempsey.
Hanson—"Judo" Anderson—.478—He's rough.
Hanson-Dick—.478—Holding his own.
Upton-Finley—.469—The shy type.
Waldrop-Irwin—.333—One night a week.
McWhorter-Brittain—.333—Three days' leave.
McWhorter-Hinton—.333—Stoop so low.
Sharp-Dennis—.300—At every meal.
Phillips-Patterson—.250—Blow by blow.
Wiles-French—.111—Ruin my faith in humanity.
Landers-Whittle—.111—Lost his grip.
Painter-Hinton—.001—Boy friend wouldn't approve.

Fashions For Co-Eds

Our recent trip to the opera gave your writer much to stare at. It has often been said, "If you want to see the latest in fashions, go to the places of better things." We believe it. "Faust" took quite a bit of our eye and ear, but a little was centered on what every one was "dyked out" in, many luscious formals, darling, perky hats, and new hair-dos. One of the latter was quite attention-getting. The hair was combed up to the center of the back of the head into a rat. It met the pompadour at the top and was set off with little bows going down the roll, or rat, at the back quite fetchingly. One little hat was an eye-catcher also. It was a simple brown felt bonnet, cut short at the back, with a big brown satin bow and streamers hanging from it. There were many "Fascinators", too, and in every color.

We noted, in the shop windows, long scarves triangularly shaped worn over the shoulders. These scarves may or may not match a skirt. It's just what suits the wearer's fancy. Either way, they're quite flattering.

It seems that the girl without a jumper is missing. Can you remember when you were a little girl and wore jumpers? Well, they're back and in more of a whirl than ever before. They're being worn everywhere on the

right along now that they have heard of the wonderful times we have been having over on the other campus. It is no trouble at all to get them into a lesson by the popular tune, "PISTOL .PACKING MAMMA." I'm sure they won't be "wall-flowers" at the Soph Hop. If it keeps up, I think we're going to get in Ripley's "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" for at the two last dances we've had more boys than girls. We are mighty proud of these girls that have been attending regularly, but with as many girls as there are down here. Wayne Finley says, there should be more girls around his neck. Let's get in the mood; we know you're in the groove; so some on "hepcats"—let's dance.

campus, dancing and dating. They're quite attractive in different colors, with embroidery on pockets, and very practical. Just think of the numerous blouses you can mix with them if you select a basic color like brown, blue or black.

Someone remarked the other day that she'd be willing to wager that there isn't a college girl in the country who doesn't have either a pair of moccasins, saddle oxfords, or brown and white lowheel oxfords. This is probably true. Just take a look around on our campus. We might add, along with these comments, that "spectators" are hitting a new high this year, going every where from football games to church.

The popular "smart set" magazine "Mademoiselle" says draw-string blouses are "it". They can be worn for dress-up affairs or for informal affairs and still look quite appropriate. Most popular ones seem to be the long-sleeved.

In leaving you here's a short tip! For that career girl look, tie a "Kit-Foyle" bow at the neck of your blouse or dress. It does wonders to make you perky looking.

HALLOWE'EN CARNIVAL

(Continued From Page 1)

An interesting event on the program was the cake walks. Many people participated in these cake walks, and they were thoroughly enjoyed.

The climax of the evening was the crowning of the king and queen of the Carnival. Each of the several

ANNISTON, ALABAMA
PITTSBURG PAINTS

ing a play of that kind it is necessary to keep the ball up, which the girls accomplish with all apparent ease.

The team uses very few substit-

just don't like to be beaten." Last week the high school octet met and defeated an Alexandria team. This week they will play Anniston, and later Emma Sansom.

PRODUCTS
Post Office Box 446
ANNISTON, ALABAMA
906 GURNEE AVENUE

As human as home

WE want you to think of the L & N Railroad as a personal, friendly institution—not just steel rails, monster bridges, huge shops, big buildings, long trains and fast, powerful locomotives. That is but the physical picture. The "Old Reliable" is far more than that.

It is private and free enterprise, performing an essential public service. It is a half billion dollar investment of about 8,000 stockholders... now distributing about \$66,000,000 in good wages to 31,000 employees and purchasing about \$40,000,000 of equipment and supplies per year. Thus it quickens the commercial life of every community it serves by aiding alike the farmer, merchant, businessman and laborer.

During peacetime, the L & N performs a necessary public transportation service. In the present war, still under private ownership, it has proven even more important, capable and dependable. As compared with World War I, it is performing a phenomenal and much greater service.

At no time has any other agency done so much to develop its territory. It is the

largest taxpayer in many counties and hence is a major support of schools and functions of government. Its management and extensive organization are sons of the South, who are intensely serious in aiding Southern development.

The L & N is as personal and human as its local agent, its trainmen, its officers... as their children who play in your streets and who go to your churches and schools... as all its employees who strive to be good citizens and neighbors, who serve tirelessly to meet the war's transportation job and whose 3,000 sons are at the fighting front.

When the war is won, the "Old Reliable" and its employees will work to make a better railroad, to serve you modernly and to aid in the South's inevitable growth. Its purpose and achievement point high. It is both your capable servant and friendly neighbor.

J. B. Hill
President

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD

BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY



The Old Reliable...Yesterday...Today...Tomorrow

Interstate Roofing Company

Anniston, Alabama

ROOFING AND SHEETMETAL CONTRACTORS
WARM AIR HEATING—STOKERS

54th Year of Faithful Service